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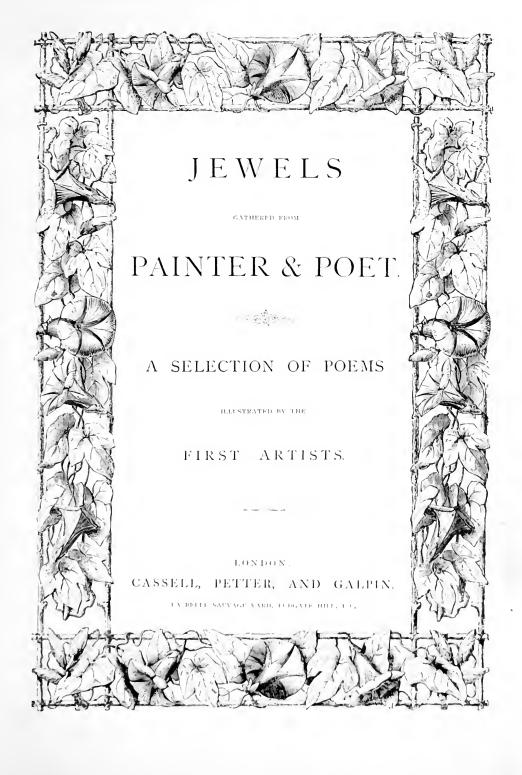
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## JEWELS GATHERED

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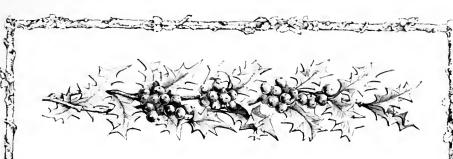
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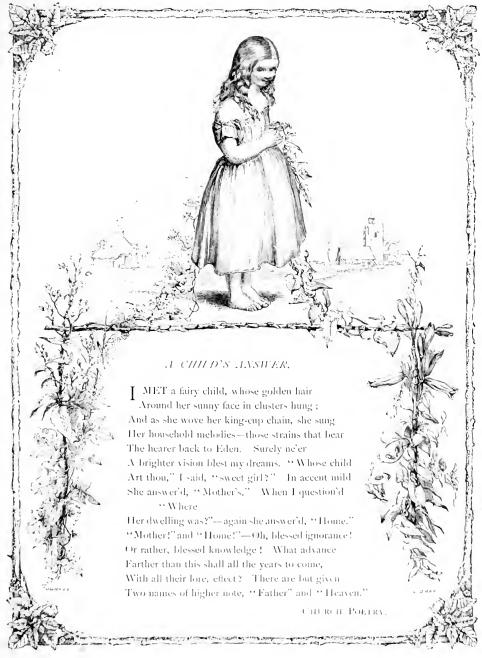


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HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill, But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still. Each age has deem'd the new-born year The fittest time for festal cheer, Even heathen vet, the savage Dane At Iol more deep the mead did drain; High on the beach his galleys drew, And feasted all his pirate crew; Then in his low and pine-built hall, Where shields and axes deck'd the wall, They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer; Caroused in seas of sable beer; While round, in brutal jest, were thro va-The half-gnaw'd rib and marrow-bone; Or listen'd all, in grim delight, While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight. Then forth in frenzy would they hie, While wildly loose their red locks fly, And dancing round the blazing pile, They make such barbarous mirth the while, As best might to the mind recall The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.

#### Christmas.

Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village-partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace, Bore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving-man; Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high, Crested with bays and rosemary. Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell How, when, and where the monster fell; What dogs before his death he tore, And all the baiting of the boar. The wassel round in good brown bowls, Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls. There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by Plnm-porridge stood, and Christmas pve : Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her savoury goose, Then came the merry masquers in, And carols roar'd with blithesome din; If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong. Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery; White shirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made; But, oh! what masquers richly dight Can boast of bosoms half so light! England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports again.



#### Christmas.

'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear;
Even when perchance its far-fetch'd claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
Eor course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus my Christmas still I hold,
Where my great grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



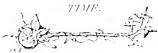
#### CHARADE.

A CROSS my first, with flash and roar,
The stately vessel glides along,
And silent, on the crowded shore,
There kneels an aged crone,
Watching my second's parting smile,
As he looks farewell to his native isle.

My whole comes back to other eyes
With beauteous change of fruit and flowers,
But sad to her are those bright skies,
And dim those joyous bowers;
Alas! my first is dark and deep,
And my second cannot hear her weep!

PRAED





" WHY sitt'st thou by that ruin'd

Thou aged carle so stern and grey? Dost thou its former pride recall, Or ponder how it pass'd away?"

- "Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried;
- "So long enjoy'd, so oft misused;
  Alternate in thy fickle pride,
  Desired, neglected, and accused!

- "Before my breath, like blazing flax, Man and his marvels pass away!
- And changing empires wane and wax; Are founded, flourish, and decay,
- "Redeem mine hours, the space is brief, While in my glass the sand-grains shiver:

And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part for
ever!"

SIR WMILE SCOLL



#### Cumner Hall,

Save an unhappy lady's sighs,

That issued from that lonely pile.

- "Leicester!" she cried, "is this thy love That thou so oft hast sworn to me, To leave me in this lonely grove, Immur'd in shameful privity?
- "No more thou com'st with lover's speed. Thy once-beloved bride to see;
  But be she 'live or be she dead,
  I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.
- "Not so the usage I received
  When happy in my father's hall;
  No faithless husband then me grieved,
  No chilling fears did me appal.
- "I rose up with the cheerful morn,
  No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
  And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
  So merrily sung the livelong day.
- "If that my beauty is but small,

  "Amongst court-ladies all despised—
  Why didst thou rend it from that hall,

  Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?
- "And when you first to me made suit,
  How fair I was, you oft would say;
  And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit—
  Then left the blossom to decay.
- Yes, now neglected and despised,
  The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
  But he that once their charms so prized
  Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.
- "For, know, when sick'ning grief doth prey.

  And tender love's repaid with scorn,
  The sweetest beauty will decay

  What floweret can endure the storm?





#### Cumnor Hall.

- "At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne, Where every lady's passing rare; That eastern flowers, that shame the sun, Are not so glowing, not so fair:
- "Then, earl, why did'st thou leave the beds Where roses and where lilies vie, To seek a primrose, whose pale shades Must sicken when those gaudes are by?
- "'Mong rural beauties I was one;
  Among the fields wild flowers are fair:
  Some country swain might me have won,
  And thought my beauty passing rare.
- "But, Leicester—or I much am wrong, Or, 'tis not beauty lures thy vows; Rather ambition's gilded crown Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- "Then, Leicester, why, again I plead (The injured surely may repine), Why didst thou wed a country maid, When some fair princess might be thine?
- "Why didst thou praise my humble charms, And, oh! then leave them to decay? Why didst thou win me to thy arms, Then leave me mourn the livelong day?
- "The village maidens of the plain Salute me lowly as I go; Envious they mark my silken train, Nor think a countess can have woe.
- "The simple nymphs! they little know How far more happy's their estate; To smile for ioy, than sigh for woe; To be content, than to be great.

#### Cumnor Hall.

- "How far less blest am I than them,
  Daily to pine and waste with care!
  Like the poor plant, that from its stem
  Divided feels the chilling air,
- "Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy
  The humble charms of solitude;
  Your minions proud my peace destroy,
  By sullen frowns or prating rude.
- "Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
  The village death-bell smote my ear:
  They winked aside, and seemed to say,
  'Countess, prepare; thy end is near!'
- "And now, while happy peasants sleep,
  Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
  No one to soothe me as I weep,
  Save Philomel on yonder thorn.
- "My spirits flag, my hopes decay— Still that dread death-bell smites my ear; And many a boding seems to say, 'Countess, prepare; thy end is near!"

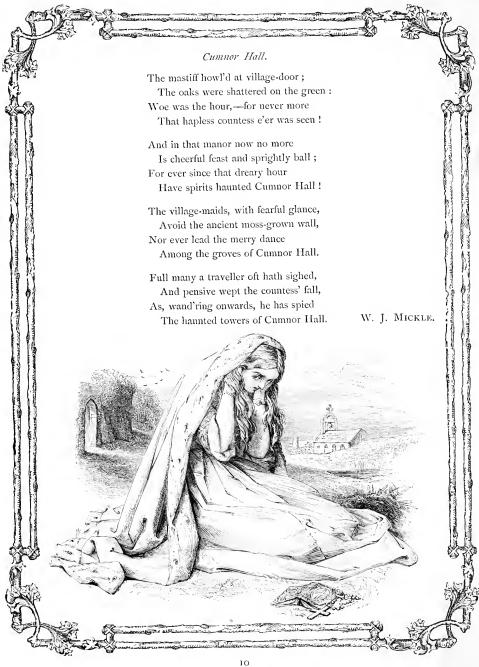
Thus, sore and sad, that lady grieved In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear, And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved, And let fall many a bitter tear.

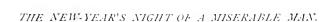
And ere the dawn of day appeared In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear, Full many a piercing scream was heard, And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring;
An aerial voice was heard to call;
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall;



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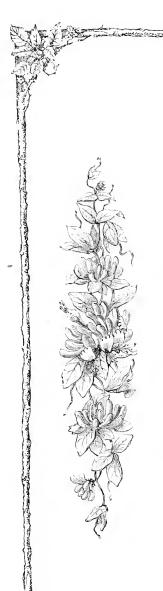


IN the lone stillness of the New-Year's night
An old man at his window stood, and turned
His dim eyes to the firmament, where, bright
And pure, a million rolling planets burned,
And then down on the earth all cold and white;
And felt that moment that of all who mourned
And groaned upon its bosom, none there were
With his deep wretchedness and great despair.

For near him lay his grave—hidden from view
Not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows
Of Age alone. In torturing thought he flew
Over the Past, and on his memory rose
That picture of his life which Conscience drew,
With all its fruits—Diseases, Sins, and Woes;
A ruined frame, a blighted soul, dark years,
Agony, Remorse, and withering Fears.

Like spectres now his bright Youth-days came back,
And that cross-road of Life where, when a boy,
His father placed him first: its right-hand track
Leads to a land of Glory, Peace, and Joy;
Its left to wildernesses waste and black,
Where snakes and plagues and poison winds destroy.
Which had he trod? Alas! the serpents hung
Coiled round his heart, their venom on his tongue.

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried,
"Restore my youth to me! Oh, God! restore
My morn of life! Oh, father! be my guide,
And let me, let me choose my path once more!"
But on the wide waste air his ravings died
Away, and all was silent as before.
His youth had glided by, fleet as the wave;
His father came not—he was in his grave.



New-Year's Night.

Strange lights flashed flickering by: a star was falling:
Down to the miry marsh he saw it rush—
Like me! he thought; and oh! that thought was galling,
And hot and heartwrung tears began to gush.
Sleepwalkers crossed his eyes in shapes appalling:
Gaunt windmills lifted up their arms to crush:
And skeleton-monsters rose up from the dim
Pits of the charnel-house, and glared on him!

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the Young Year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth.
Milder emotions over him came stealing;
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.

"Return!" again he cried imploringly;

"Oh, my lost Youth! return, return to me!"

AND YOUTH RETURNED, and Age withdrew its terrors.
Still was he young, for he had dreamed the whole;
But faithful is the image Conscience mirrors
When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.
Alas! too real were his sins and errors;
Too truly had he made the earth his goal.
He wept, and thanked his God, that with the will,
He had the power to choose the right path still.

Here, youthful reader, ponder; and if thou,
Like him, art reeling over the Abyss,
And shakest off Sin's iron bondage now,
This ghastly dream may prove thy guide to bliss:
But should Age once be written on thy brow,
Its wrinkles will not be a dream like this;
Mayest vainly pour thy tears above the urn
Of thy departed Youth—it never will return!

RICHTER.

# TO THE CUCKOO.

I-I AIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

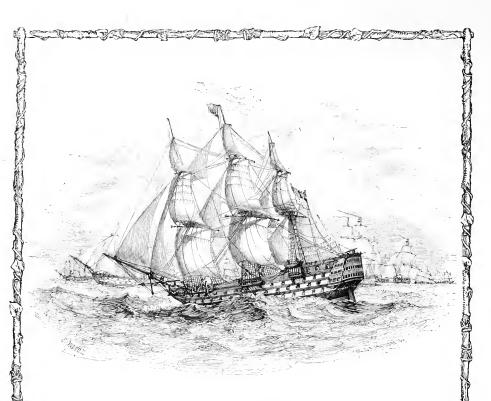
Oh, could I fly. I'd fly with thee!

We'd make, with joyful wing.

Our annual visit o'er the globe.

Companions of the spring.

ANON



#### ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

METHINKS it is a glorious thing He could not see one hostile ship To sail upon the deep; A thousand sailors under you, Their watch and ward to keep:

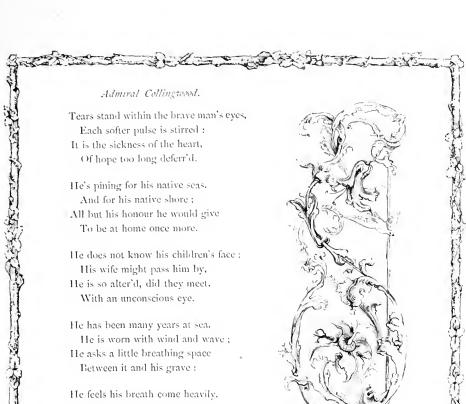
To watch the frigates scatter'd round, Like birds upon the wing; Yet know they only wait your will-It is a glorious thing.

Our Admiral stood on the deck, And look'd upon the sea; He held the glass in his right hand, And far and near look'd he:

Abroad upon the main; From east to west, from north to south, It was his own domain.

Good news for England this, good news Forth may her merchants fare; Thick o'er the sea, no enemy Will cross their pathway there.

A paleness came upon his cheek, A shadow to his brow; Alas! our good Lord Collingwood, What is it ails him now?



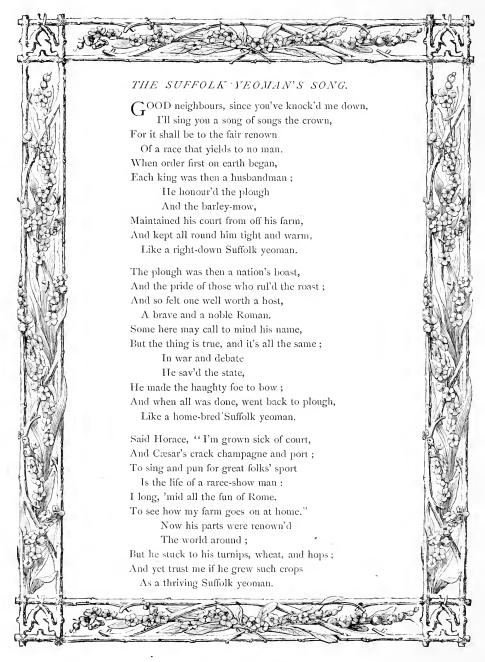
His keen eye faint and dim; It was a weary sacrifice That England ask'd of him.

He never saw his home again: The deep voice of the gun. The lowering of his battle-flag, Told when his life was done.

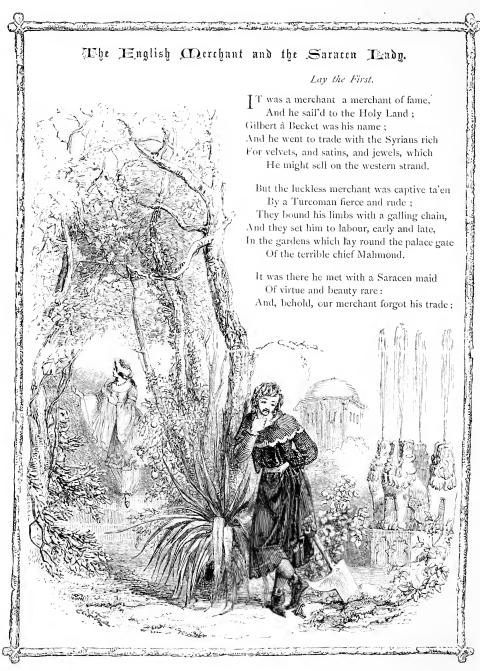
His sailors walk'd the deck and wept, Around them howl'd the gale; And far away two orphans knelt-A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light Our history's blazon'd line, I know not one, brave Collingwood, That touches me like thine.









The English Merchant, &c.

His English habits aside he flung, And he learn'd to speak with a Saracen tongue, For the sake of that damsel fair.

He taught Zarina the Christian's lore;
And the hours sped swiftly by,
When together they trod the lonely shore.
And she listen'd to him with a willing ear,
And he gazed in her eyes, so deep and clear,
By the light of the morning sky.

They plighted their faith, and they vow'd to wed.

If Gilbert should e'er be free;
How could she doubt a word he said?
For her heart was trustful, pure, and mild,
Like the heart of a young unfearing child,
And she loved him hopefully.

But days stole on, and months stole on,
And Gilbert was captive yet;
A long, long year had come and gone,
When the maiden wander'd with earnest eye
To the shadowy walk 'neath the palm-trees
high,

Where oft before they met.

"I am a Christian, my Gilbert, now," The Saracen lady said;

The tone of her voice was sweet and low, Like the voice of the night-breeze, cool and calm,

When it sighs through the leaves of the mur muring palm.

Of its own light sounds afraid.

Oh, why should I linger here?

Let us flee to thine England, far away;
The God we serve shall guide our back
Over the desert of waters dark;

For how can a Christian fea.?





#### The English Merchant

"I will send to thee at the hour of eve,
When the curtains are drawn o'er heaven;
And I shall not weep for the friends I leave,
For I am an orphan, and ne'er have known
A gentle word or a kindly tone,
Save such as thou hast given.

"My gems shall purchase a gallant boat,
And a crew of skilful men:
Oh, when on the fetterless waves we float,
With the wide blue sky and the wide blue sea
Stretching around us triumphantly,
Wilt thou not bless me then?"

He kiss'd her hand, and he vow'd to come;
And the night was calm and fair:
Oh, how the captive thought on home,
As he gazed the dashing waters o'er,
And noiselessly paced the rugged shore:
But Zarina was not there!

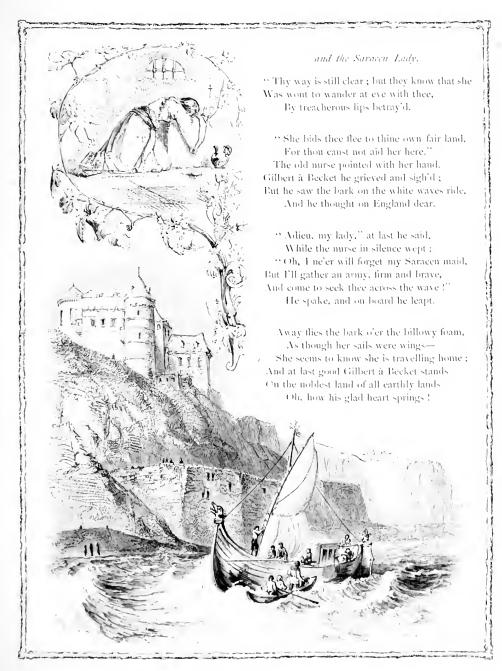
He look'd to the east, he look'd to the west,
But her form he could not see;
And fear struck cold upon his breast,
For he almost fancied the stars so pale
Had watch'd their meeting, and told their tale
To some ruthless enemy.

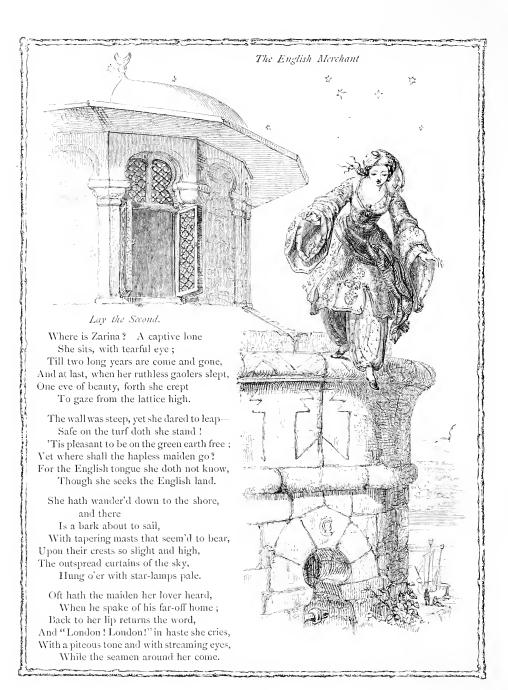
He look'd to the south, he look'd to the north,

A light, light step he hears!

And a figure steps from the shadows forth—
But, alas! for Zarina, it is not she;
It is but her faithful nurse Safiè,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"Oh, listen," she cried, in bitter woe,
"Zarina is eaptive made!
Sir Christian, Sir Christian, alone must
thou go;





and the Saraven Lady.

"It is sad and strange," said the sailors then, "That the damsel weepeth thus; But oh, let it never be said that men Look'd on a woman in sore distress, And gave no aid to her feebleness! The maiden shall sail with us!"

So they took her in; and Zarina smiled, And thank'd them with her eyes; Gentle she was as a chidden child; But the mariners could not understand The wondrous words of the eastern land, So they sail'd in silent wise.

They came to shore at fair Stamboul, And the maiden roam'd all night Through its streets, so calm, and still, and And to every passer-by that came She murmur'd forth the one dear name, Clasping her hands so white.

Some turn'd aside with careless pride, And some with angry frown; With a curious ear some turn'd to hear; But the word she spake each passer knew, For London is known the wide world through, From England's fair renown.

From place to place did the maiden stray. And still that little word Was her only guide on her venturous way. Full many a pitying stranger gave Aid to ber journey by land and wave, When her low sweet voice was heard.

And oft at eve would Zarina stand On the edge of the darkening flood, And sing the lays of her own far land; So sweet was her voice when she sang of home, That the listening pea ants would round her come,

Proferring their simple food.





### The English Merchant

Thus when full many a month had pass'd
Of wearisome wanderings long,
To the wish'd-for place she was borne at last;
And the maiden gaz'd with bewilder'd eye
On each spreading roof and turret high,
Mid London's hurrying throng.

Through all that maze of square and street
With pleading looks she went;
And still her weary voice was sweet.
But now was "Gilbert" the name she cried:
The world of London is very wide,
And they knew not whom she meant.

Gilbert !—her lover's name—how oft
Had she breath'd that sound before!
Her eye grew bright, her tone grew soft;
For she thought that life and hope must dwell
In the precious name she loved so well;
And her troubles all seem'd o'er.

Now Gilbert à Becket was dwelling there, Like a merchant-prince was he; His gardens were wide, and his halls were fair;

His servants flatter'd, his minstrels play'd;— He had almost forgotten his Saracen maid, And their parting beyond the sea.

But word was brought, as he sate at meat, Of a damsel fair and sad, Who wander'd for ever through square and

With claspèd hands and strength o'erspent, Murmuring "Gilbert!" as she went, Like one possess'd, or mad.

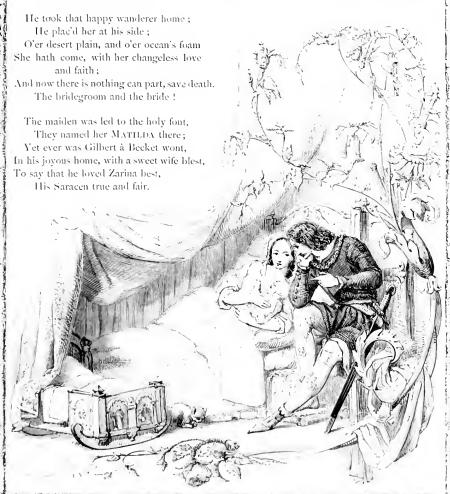
Gilbert à Becket, he straightway rose,
For his conscience prick'd him sore;
Forth from his splendid hall he goes—
A well-known voice is in his ears,
And he sees a fair face veil'd in tears,
And he thinks on the Syrian shore.

## and the Saracen Lady.

Forth to Zarina in haste he came,
Oh, how could he ever forget?
"Gilbert!" she cries—'tis the selfsame name,

But ah! what a changed and joyous tone, For the maiden's heart is no more alone, And the lovers at last are met! Their first-born son was a priest of power,
Who ruled on English ground—
Itis fame remaineth to this hour!
God send to every valiant knight
A lady as true, and a home as bright.
As Gilbert the merchant found!

LAYS AND BALLADS.





# THE SICK CHILD.

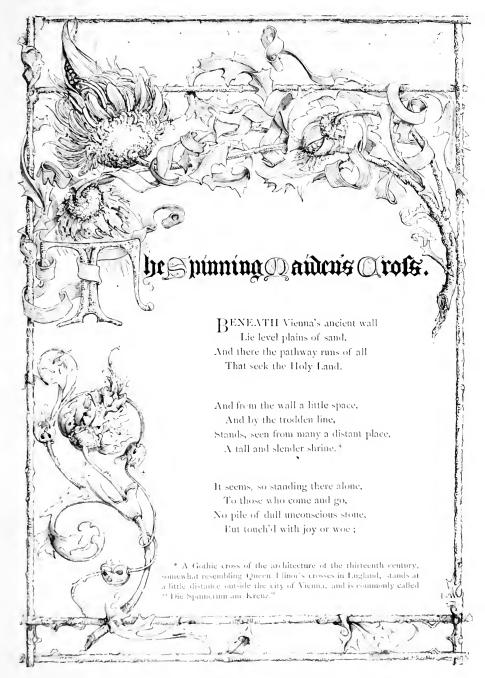
" WHAT wakes me from my gentle sleep?

Sweet sounds my soul delight:
Oh, mother, see! what can it be,
At this late hour of night?"

"I nothing hear, I nothing see, So rest in slumber mild; No music comes to comfort thee, Thou poor and sickly child!"

"It is no earthly sound I hear,
That gives me such delight;
'Tis angels call me with their song—
So, mother dear, good night!"

UHLAND.



The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

Seems to the stranger on his way, A friend that forth bath set, The parting moment to delay, And stands and lingers yet.

ナーシスクルのようなを見るのしてあるからなっています。

While to the long-gone traveller Returning to his home, It seems with doubtful greeting there Of joy and sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy.

And tears of bitter loss,

As friends have met and parted by

The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

Young Margaret had the gentlest heart Of all the maidens there, Nor ever fail'd her constant part Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the Sabbath-morn had smiled,
And early prayer was o'er,
Then Marg'ret, gentle, still, and mild,
Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side In calm delight she stray'd, Amid the Prater's flowery pride, Or in the Augarten's shade.

"Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!
Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Will link my lot with thee.

"And there, upon the Kahlen's swell, Where distant Donau shines, He gives a cot where we shall dwell, And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill.
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the Sabbath-bell Had struck on Wenzel's ear, A sadder tale had he to tell, And Margaret to hear.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!

Joy yet;—but patience now;

My master, lord of Löwethier,

Has bound him with a yow;

"And he must to the Holy Land, Our Saviour's tomb to free; And I and all his faithful band Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press, But calm was she to view; Meekly she bore her happiness, Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.



But from the Holy Land soon came Returning pilgrims there, And heavy tidings brought with them For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred coins of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single piece of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill, When other hope is gone; Shall she who loves so well be still, And he in prison groan?

## The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

She felt within her inmost heart
A strange bewilder'd swell,
Too soft to break with sudden start,
Too gentle to rebel.

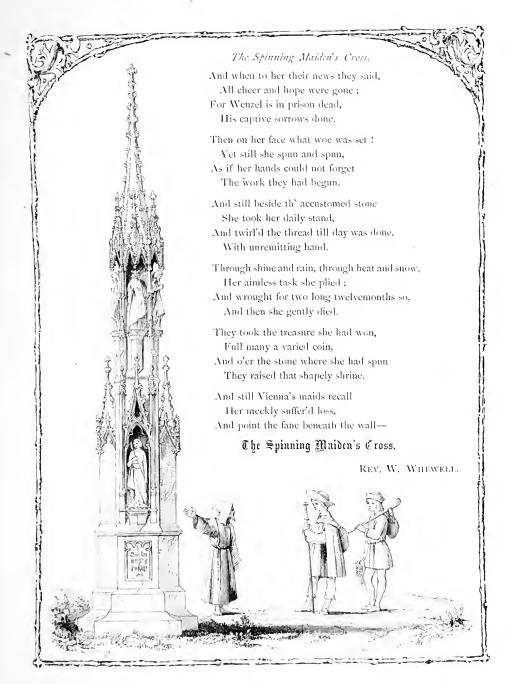
And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

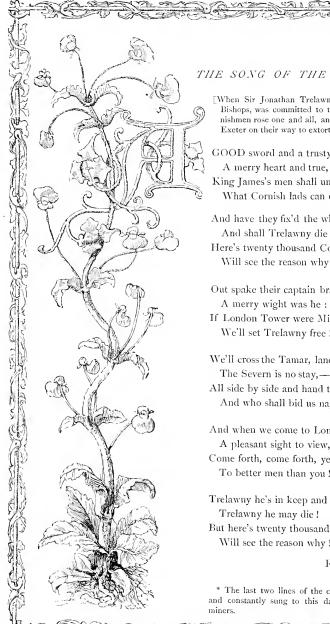
And by the stone where last they met Each day she took her stand; And twirl'd the thread till daylight set, With unremitting hand. Her little store upon the stone
She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few,
Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
Than e'er her hopes had done.

But all in vain it grew, alas!
Her destined ransom store;
For from the Holy Land there pass
The travellers once more.







THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

[When Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the seven Bishops, was committed to the Tower, the Cornishmen rose one and all, and marched as far as Exeter on their way to extort his liberation.]

GOOD sword and a trusty hand, King James's men shall understand What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fix'd the where and when? And shall Trelawny die? Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen Will see the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold, If London Tower were Michael's hold, We'll set Trelawny free!

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land, The Severn is no stay,— All side by side and hand to hand, And who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London Wall, A pleasant sight to view, Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all, To better men than you!

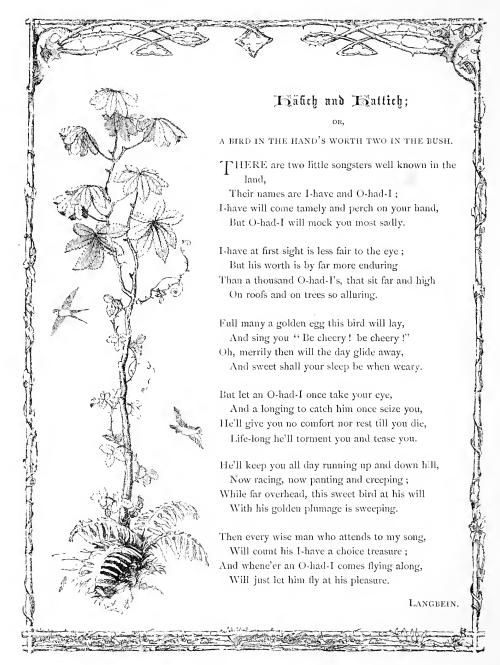
Trelawny he's in keep and hold, But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold Will see the reason why!\*

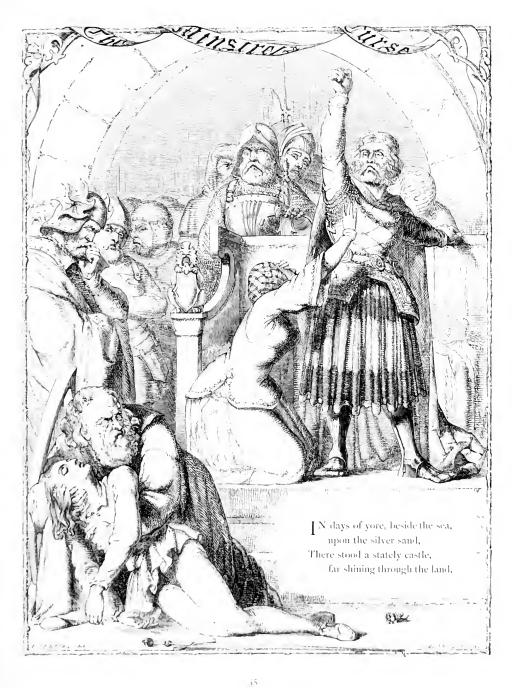
REV. R. S. HAWKER.

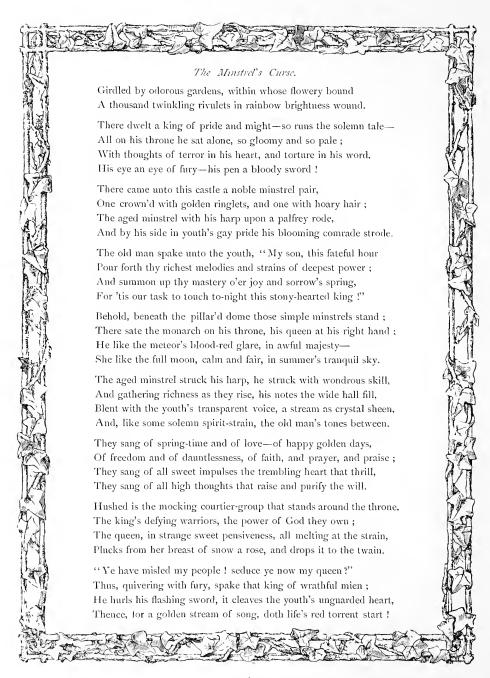
\* The last two lines of the chorus are ancient, and constantly sung to this day by the Cornish

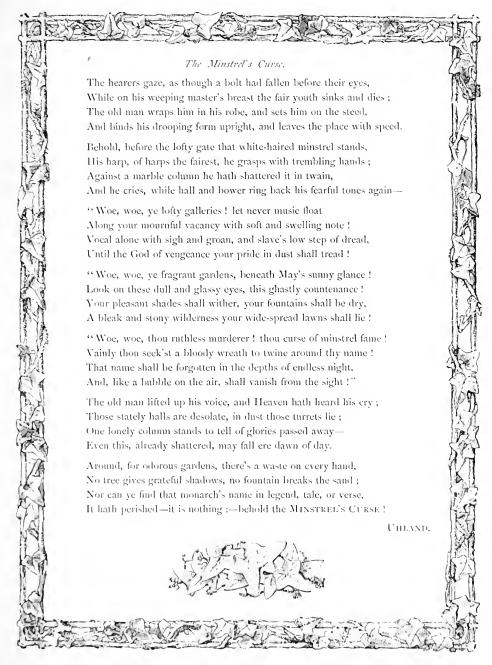


NFOLDING to the breeze of May The Cowslip meets the vernal ray: The topaz and the ruby gem Her blossom's simple diadem; And as the dew-drops gently fall, They tip with pearls her coronal. In princely halls and courts of kings Its lustrous ray the diamond flings; Yet few of those who see its beam Amid the torch-light's dazzling gleam As bright as though a meteor shone, Can call the costly prize their own. But gems of every form and hue Are glittering here in morning dew; Jewels that all alike may share, As freely as the common air; No niggard hand or jealous eve Protects them from the passer-by. Man to his brother shuts his heart, And Science acts a miser's part; But Nature with a liberal hand Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land. If gold she gives, not single grains Are scatter'd far across the plains; But, lo! the desert-streams are rolf'd O'er precious beds of virgin gold. If flowers she offers, wreaths are given As countless as the stars of heaven; Or music -'tis no feeble note She bids along the valley float; Ten thousand nameless melodies In one full chorus swell the breeze. Oh! Art is but a scanty rill, That genial seasons scarcely fill; But Nature needs no tide's return, To fill afresh her flowing urn; She gathers all her rich supplies Where never-failing waters rise. WILD GARLAND.











THE yellow gem that earth reluctant yields
To Tejo's stream or Andes' torrent force,
Shines not like this small bark: the lucid pearl
That lies in cavern dark, deep moor'd beneath
The ocean-tides, is not so purely white
As you, her consort.

Beauteous flowers! in times Of ancient Greece, when fancy sway'd the land, Her virgins, as they drew the clear cold lymph, Soothed the young Naiad, cradled on your leaves, With lullabys that ruled the rocking stream. Anon her shepherds eyed yon golden boat, And mann'd it straight with some invisible love, That fled from earth corrupt and sultry air, To rest on the blue river.

Beauteous flowers!
Your Maker's hand is o'er you; He in all
His works is inexhaustible; He crowns
The green and many-flowering sward, and flings
His chaplet o'er the dark and flowing wave.

REV. E. BARNARD.



## A BOY.

THERE'S something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of
fun,

And in his clear and ready smile,

Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepress'd by sadness;
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

A Boy.

And yet it is not in his play,

When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,

That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music thrill,

And I in sadness hear it all,

For like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now.
But when amid the earnest game,
He stops as if he music heard,
And heedless of his shouted name,
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there:

'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful, but thoughtful face—
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace;
Remembering a thousand things
Which pass'd me on those golden wings
Which Time has fetter'd now:
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child Will, like a presence, sometimes press;

And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess;
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardour straining high,

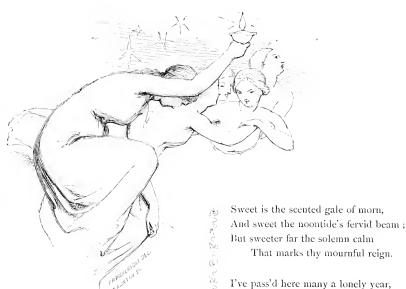
How in his heart will spring A feeling whose mysterious thrall Is stronger, sweeter far than all; And on its silent wing, How with the clouds he'll float away,

As wand'ring and as lost as they!

N. P. WHIP



# Shipwrecked Solitary's Song to the Dight.



That marks thy mournful reign. I've pass'd here many a lonely year, And never human voice have heard: I've pass'd here many a lonely year,

A solitary man.

THOU spirit of the spangled night! I woo thee from the watch-tower high, Where thou dost sit to guide the bark Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds, The distant main is moaning low; Come, let us sit and weave a song-A melancholy song!

And I have linger'd in the shade From sultry noon's hot beam; and I Have knelt before my wicker door, To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the grey morn high On the blue mountain's misty brow, And tried to tune my little reed

To hymns of harmony.

Song to the Night.

But never could I tune my reed, At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet As when upon the ocean-shore I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace:
But, oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy;

And then I talk, and often think Aerial voices answer me; And, oh! I am not then alone— A solitary man. And when the blustering winter-winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams:

And Fancy gives me back my wife, And Fancy gives me back my child; She gives me back my little home, And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

KIRKE WHITE.



## A CHILD TWO YEARS OLD.

HERE have you been, my blue-eyed elf?
Ransacking all Nature's pelf,
To dress out that little self?
Those locks so fine,
You stole them from the silkworm's shelf,
All his gold-mine.

For lips you robb'd the vermeil's dyes;
Those eyes you stole from summer skies;
That laughing sprite that 'neath them lies,
Beyond bright even,
That innocence of your blue eyes,
You brought from heaven.

Sure they are come from some bright sphere,
Where there is spring throughout the year;
Its music still is on your ear,
A shadowy beam,
A spell that weaves o'er all things here
A golden dream.

And while with you so merrily,
With your blue eyes I seem to see
O'er all around a gladsome glee,
No care obtruding;
O'er bird and flower strange revelry
And glory brooding.

Then let them laugh, my lady blue,
At the hours I spend with you;
Oh, happy, happy, were it true
That all my days
Had been no worse than all with you
And your sweet ways!

My bonny, blue-eyed cherub thing—
A cherub, had you but its wing;
But then, I know, away you'd spring
With all your gladness,
Nor soil your sweet apparelling
With sin and sadness.

What shall I call you?—my bright gem,
Best jewel, or love's diadem?

A bud of heaven on life's poor stem?

A blue-eyed flower?

Star peeping through Night's blue-robed hem?

Beauty's own dower?

Oh, no! you are—the little Bess,
A little spirit sent to bless
All about you—no more—no less—
A pledge of love,
In casket of rich loveliness,
From One above.

What! are you crying, lady dear?
You've left His breast, but do not fear;
Your heavenly Father, He is here:
Oh, do not spurn,
Wash'd with His blood, His woes to bear,
And then return.

REV. I. WILLIAMS.



#### The Hermit.

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast, And all the tenor of his soul is lost. So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd Calm Nature's image on its watery breast, Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow. And skies beneath with answering colours glow; But if a stone the gentle sea divide, Swift ruffling circles curl on every side, And glimmering fragments of a broken sun, Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight, To find if books or swains report it right (For yet by swains alone the world he knew, Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew). He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore, And fixed the scallop in his hat before; Then, with the rising sun, a journey went, Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day.
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

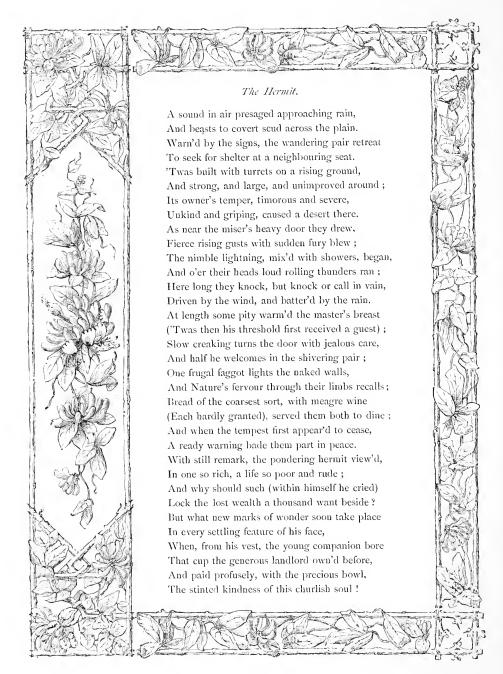
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey; Nature, in silence, bade the world repose, When, near the road, a stately palace rose.

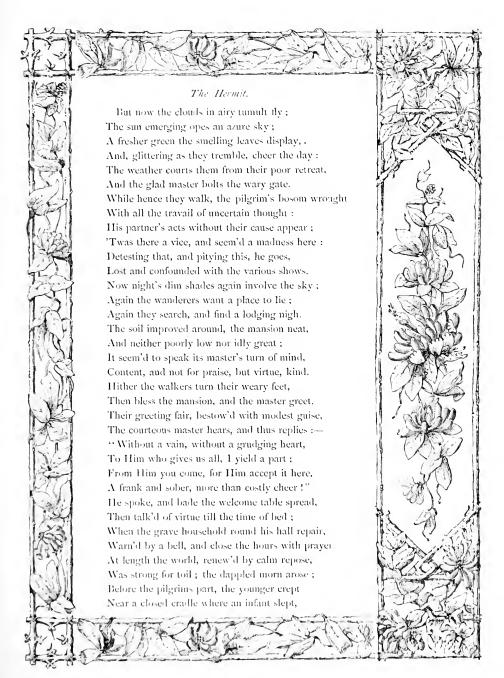
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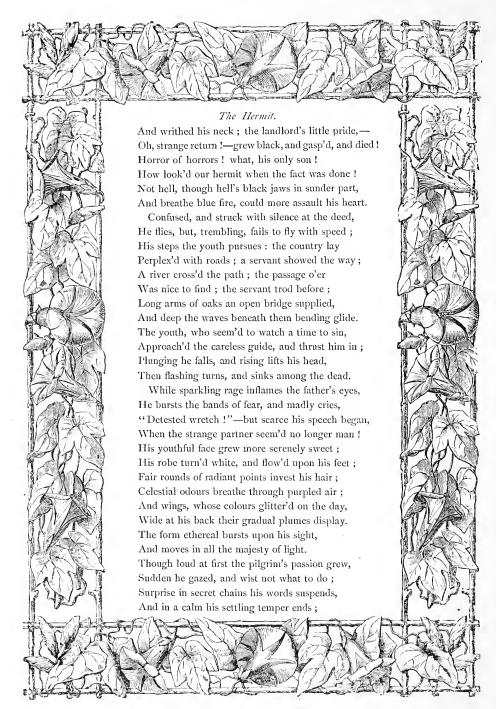
#### The Hermit.

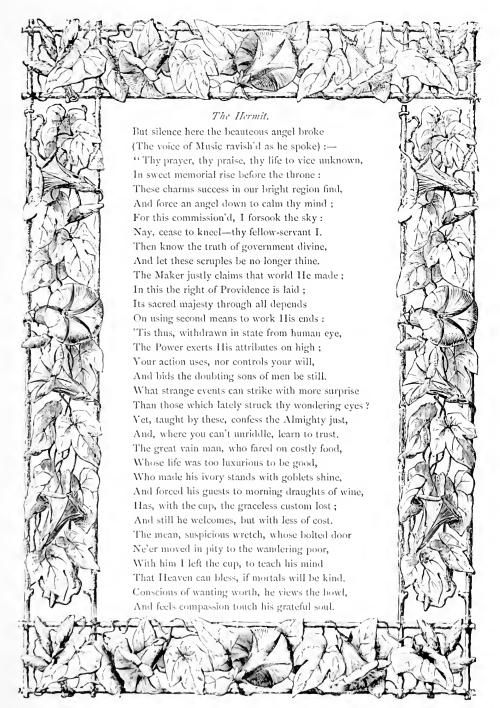
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass, Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass. It chanced the noble master of the dome Still made his house the wandering stranger's home; Vet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise, Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease. The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait; Their lord receives them at the pompous gate; The table groans with costly piles of food, And all is more than hospitably good. Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown, Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down. At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day, Along the wide canals the zephyrs play; Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep, And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep. Up rise the guests, obedient to the call, An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall; Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced, Which the kind master forced the guests to taste. Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go: And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe; His cup was vanished; for, in secret guise, The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way, Glistening and basking in the summer ray, Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near, Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,—So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road, The shining spoil his wily partner show'd. He stopp'd with silence, walked with trembling heart, And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part; Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard That generous actions meet a base reward. While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds, The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;









## The Hermit.

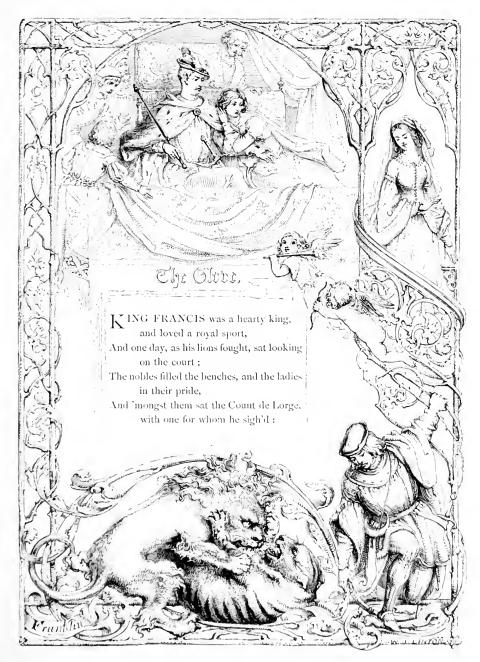
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, With heaping coals of fire upon its head; In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow, And, loose from dross, the silver runs below. Long had our pious friend in virtue trod, But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God; (Child of his age) for him he lived in pain, And measured back his steps to earth again. To what excesses had his dotage run! But God, to save the father, took the son. To all but thee in fits he seemed to go, And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow. The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust, Now owns in tears the punishment was just. But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack, Had that false servant sped in safety back! This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal, And what a fund of charity would fail! Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er, Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew; The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew. Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high, His master took the chariot of the sky; The fiery pomp ascending left the view; The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PARNELL.





#### The Glove.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show, Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

The lions and the tigers roar'd with horrid laughing jaws,
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame, With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same; She thought,—"The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be, He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me; King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine; I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him, and smil'd; He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"Ah, ah!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, set love a task like that."

L. Hunt (after Schiller).



## ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

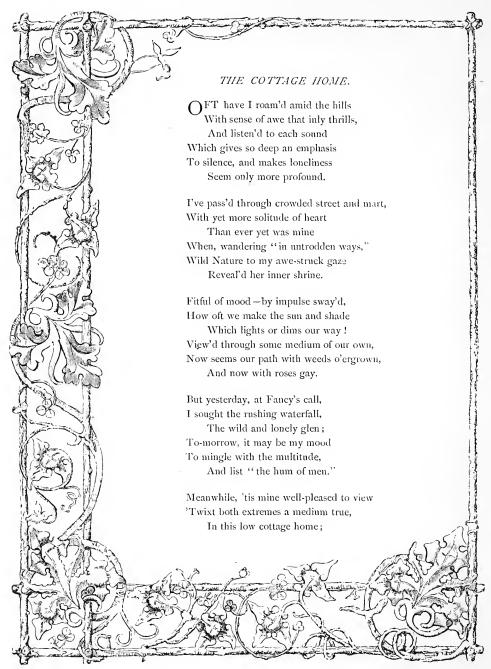
TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue or factious rage.
For, oh, dear child of thoughtful Truth!
To thee I gave my early youth;
And left the bark, and bless'd the stedfast shore.
Ere yet the tempest rose, and scared me with its rose.

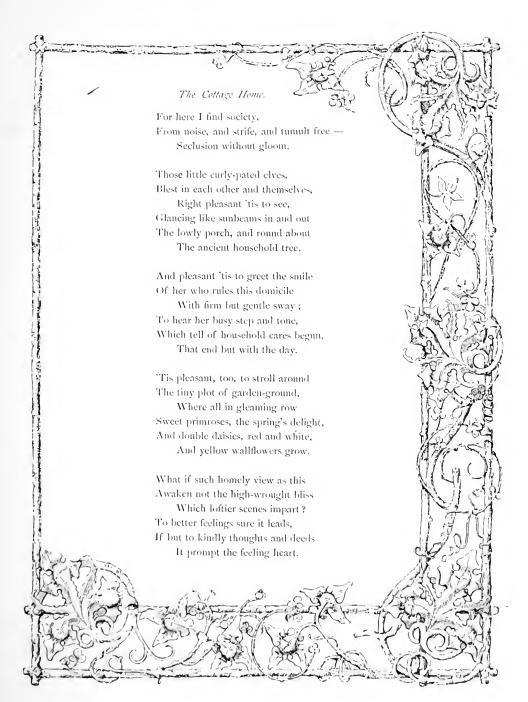
Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustom'd mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of autumn crowds
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee 1 dedicate the whole!
And while within myself 1 trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye 1 scan
The present works of present man —
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

COLERIDGE







The Village Blacksmith.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan:
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He carns whate'er he can.
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night.
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village-bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar, And eatch the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village-choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.



Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Longhallow.



#### THEODORA.

Theodora was the cousin of the poet Cowper. In early life they were engaged; but their attachment was not countenanced by the lady's father, and the engagement was broken off. The remainder of their story is marrated in the following ballad:—

THEIRS was a love of early youth,
Those fair, deceitful days,
When all our dreams are hope and truth,
And every dream betrays:
They knew not that life's radiant track
Shone but with seeming light,
From their own eyes reflected back,
As fleeting as 'twas bright!

His gift was genius; fatal oft
When, as with him, it sways
A soul too sensitive and soft
For earth's bewildering ways.
And hers was beauty, that unblamed
Upon a throne might sit;
And a meek, quiet spirit, framed
To suffer and submit.

The twilight cool of summer eves
In dark and dewy woods,
The music of the whispering leaves
And of the trickling floods;
Discourse with many a lofty mind
In nobler ages born;
These were the links their souls that twined:
Oh, how should such be torn?

But they were severed! Worldly arts
And worldly wisdom strove
To root up from those gentle hearts
The tender plant of love:

MANAGER OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

#### Theodora

In vain! they could not overcome!
Crush'd, tortured, torn, and wrung.
Still to their lacerated home
The bleeding tendrils clung.

And then they parted: and o'er him

A dream-like wonder came;

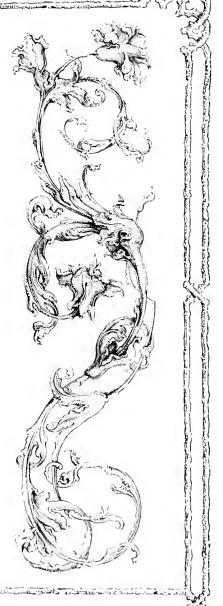
All things seem'd doubtful, changed, and
dim,

And yet they were the same;
And wild and melancholy fits
His strength of soul o'erpower,
Like some dark shapeless bird that flits
At twilight's ghostful hour.

But she? Oh, dare not to intrude Upon that place apart,
Where weeps in wordless solitude. Her meek and drooping heart!
Grief is a holy thing, unmeet. For man's profaning eyes:
Hers was too deep for solace sweet. In kindliest sympathies,

Withdrawn within her quiet home,
Obedient and alone,
The woe she might not overcome,
She still might keep unknown:
That stream of purest love but show'd
Its passage underground,
By fertilising, as it flow'd,
The flowery earth around.

Kind deeds and calm benevolence, These were her sole employ; Those blessings freely to dispense Herself might not enjoy; While still her spirit hover'd near One well-remember'd door,



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And sought *one* hearth supremely dear; For he she loved was poor.

Hers was it to supply the want
His lips had ne'er express'd;
Hers the unutter'd prayer to grant
That lurk'd within his breast.
He found, as by an angel's power,
His wishes all supplied,
Who, day by day, and hour by hour,
Unseen was at his side.

It was her joy, with labour mute,
Around his path to spread
Those comforts, nameless and minute,
Which only love can shed.
How should a stranger's hand impart
Gifts with such sweetness fraught?
She dwelt within his inmost heart,
And watched its every thought!

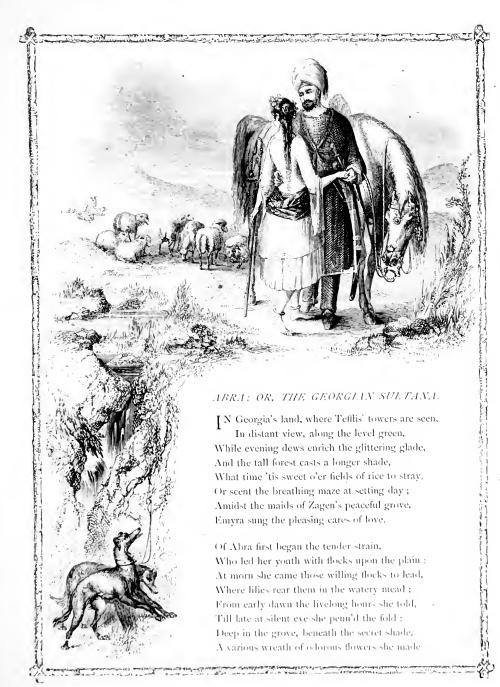
So years wore on, till he forgot
Even that his love had been,
And sometimes, in his wayward lot,
Would almost feel serene;
While still her spirit hover'd by
The lone spot where he dwelt,
And still she waited ministeringly
On all he thought and felt.

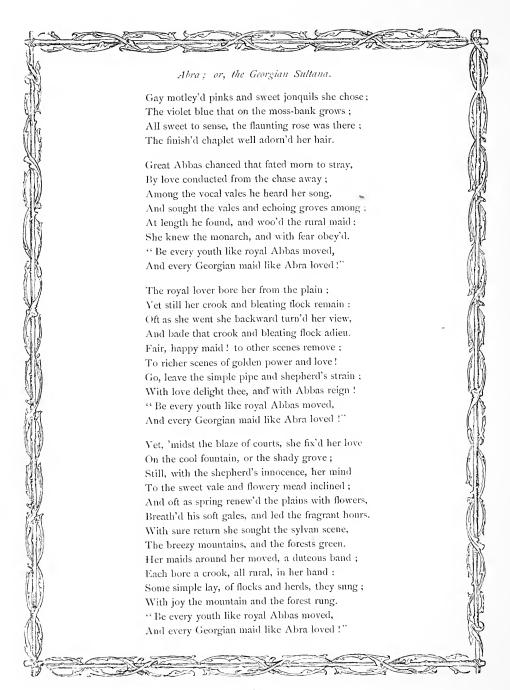
Was she not happy thus to feel
Her presence with him still?
And thus, unknown, his wounds to heal,
His wishes to fulfil?
Truly she had her own reward,
All meaner joys above,
Softening a lot so bitter, hard—
Oh, answer! was this love?

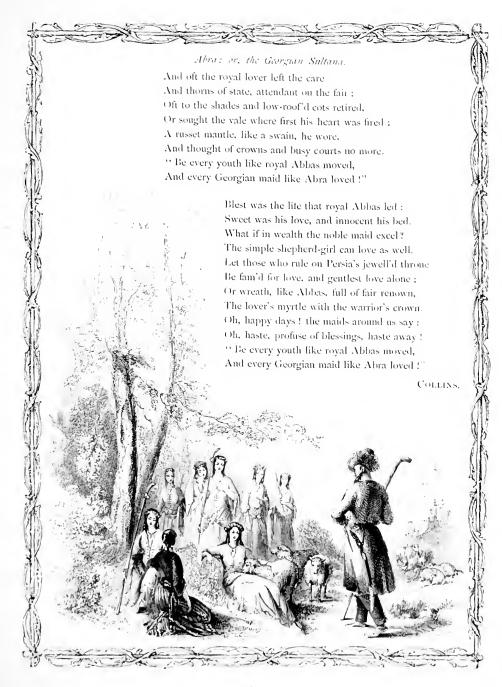
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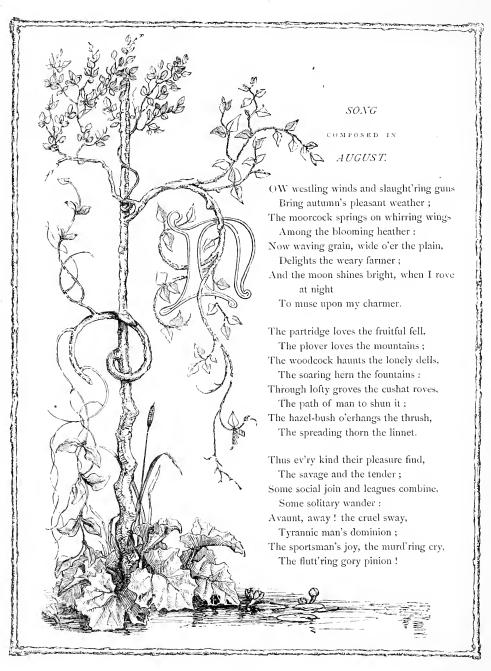












Song.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature—
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

BURNS.



#### THE FLAX SPINNERS' SONG.

SUNG AMONG THE PEASANTS OF WESTPHALIA.

NOW is the flax so fair and long;
Ho! ho! ho!
And now the poor man's heart is strong,
And now ascends his swelling song,
The grateful heart's o'erflow.

What torments must the flax endure!

Ho! ho! ho!

They'll dig a pond, and heave it in,

Then beat and bruise it short and thin;

Hallo! hallo! hallo!

The flayer he will break the straw;
Rach! rach! rach!
The gleaner he will scrape and glean,
Till not a single sheaf is seen,
Then throw it on the pack.

The hatcheler then must make it fine;
Hash! hash! hash!
He draws it out so fine and fair,
He forms the woof with speed and care,
And lays it on the rash.

And then, when winter comes along,
Groll! groll! groll!
The woofs are set, and man and wife,
They spin as if they spun for life—
They spin full many a roll.

And now the bride will be so gay;

Ho! ho! ho!

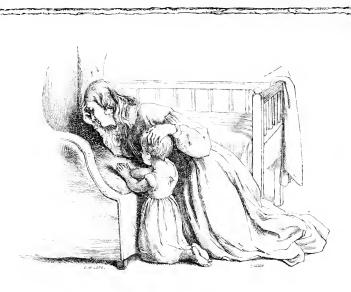
She'll spin by night, she'll spin by day,
Her bridal dress she'll spin away

Fine as her hair, I know.

Hurrah! hurrah! the flax is good!
Ho! ho! ho!
Who does his duty daily, he
Must always bright and happy be,
Whether in weal or woe.

The flax rewards our cheerful toil:

Ho! ho! ho!
And many a mighty prince's son,
Who wears the linen we have spin,
Our joy may never know.



#### POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of
cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you, Who o'er my pillow hung, Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew, And taught my falt'ring tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

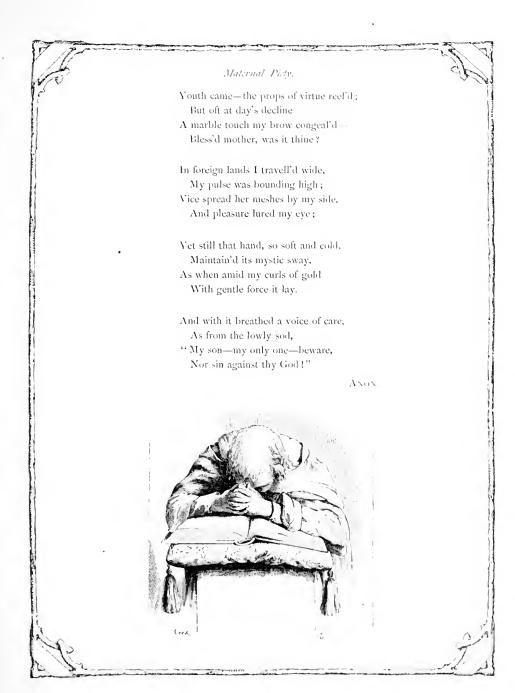
But then there came a fearful day:
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her
soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seem'd to glow,
As if that hand were there.

Vears fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;
Yet ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.



#### ON THE

Remobal of some Old Family Portraits.

SILENT friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Bitter tears many I've shed,
You've seen them flow;
Dreary hours many I've spent,
Full well ye know.

Yet in my loneliness, Kindly methought Still ye look'd on me, Mocking me not

With light speech and hollow words,
Grating so sore,
The sad heart with many ills
Sick to the core.

Then if my clouded skies

Brighten'd awhile,
Seem'd your soft serious eyes

Almost to smile.

Silent friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Taken from hearth and board,
When all were gone,
I look'd up at you, and felt
Not quite alone;

Not quite companionless,
While in each face

Met me, familiar,

The stamp of my race.

Thine, gentle ancestress,

Dove-eyed and fair,

Melting in sympathy

Oft for my care.

Grim knight and stern-visaged,
Yet could I see
(Smoothing that furrowed face)
Good will to me.

Bland looks were beaming

Upon me, I knew,
Fair sir, bonny lady,

From you and from you.

Little think happy ones,

Heart-circled round,
How fast to senseless things

Hearts may be bound;

How, when the living prop's

Moulder'd and gone,
Heart-strings low trailing left

Clasp the cold stone.

Silent friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Often when spirit-yex'd,
Weary and worn,
To your quiet faces, mute
Friends, would I turn.



Soft as I gazed on them,

Soothing as balm,
Lulling the passion-storm,

Stole your deep calm;

Till, as I longer look'd,

Surely methought
Ye read and replied to

My questioning thought.

"Daughter," ye softly said,
"Peace to thine heart!

We too—yes, daughter—have Been as thou art.

" Toss'd on the troubled waves, Life's stormy sea, Chance and change manifold Proving like thee!

" Hope-lifted—doubt-depress'd—
Seeing in part—
Tried—troubled—tempted—
Sustain'd as thou art.

" Our God is thy God. What He Willeth is best:

Trust Him as we trusted; then Rest as we rest."

Silent friends, fare ye well! Shadows, adieu!

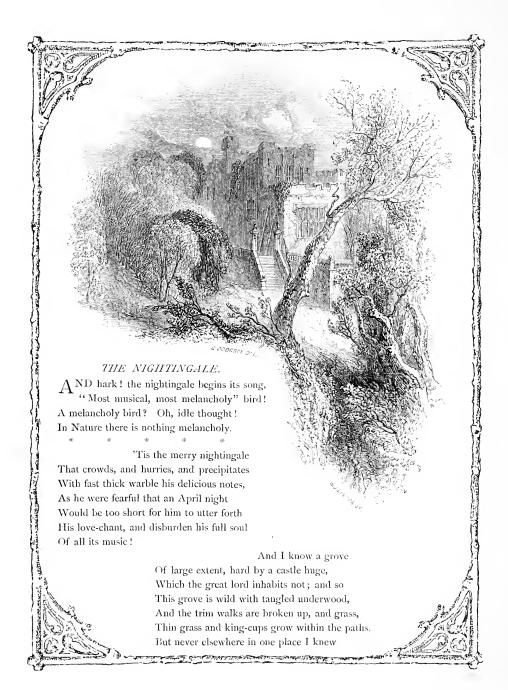
One Friend abideth still,
All changes through.

Blackwood's Magazine.



#### TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

WHILE youth's keen light is in thine eye, While each new hour goes dancing by, While girlish visions are not gone, And sorrow is almost unknown,— Go, dear one, go, and take with thee Thy fresh-born thoughts and natural glee, And keep them still, like flowers to bloom, Engarlanding thy new-found home. The time may come when thou shalt have More than enough to make thee grave; When worldly thoughts and common cares Will touch with grey thy brightest hairs; And all too soon the matron's mien, O'ercasting what the maid hath been, Will show thee good and wise of heart, -But not, sweet girl, what now thou art.



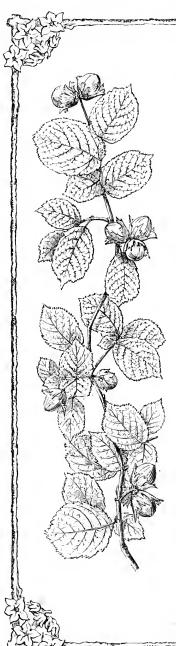
### The Nightingale.

So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug.
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day!—On moonlit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
Vou may perchance behold them on the twigs.
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes.
That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
An hundred airy harps!

COLERIDGE,





#### THE GRASSHOPPER.

O THOU that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heav'n, where now thou'rt rear'd;
The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.
But ah, the sickle! golden ears are cropp'd;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night!
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have topp'd;
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now, green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.
Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the north-wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve and fly
This Ætna in epitome;
Dropping December shall come weeping in

Dropping December shall come weeping in, Bewail th' usurping of his reign; But when in show'rs of old Greek we begin, Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night, as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip,
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.
Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need:

Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he That wants himself is poor indeed.

SOUTHEY.

#### JEANIE MORRISON.

I'VE wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

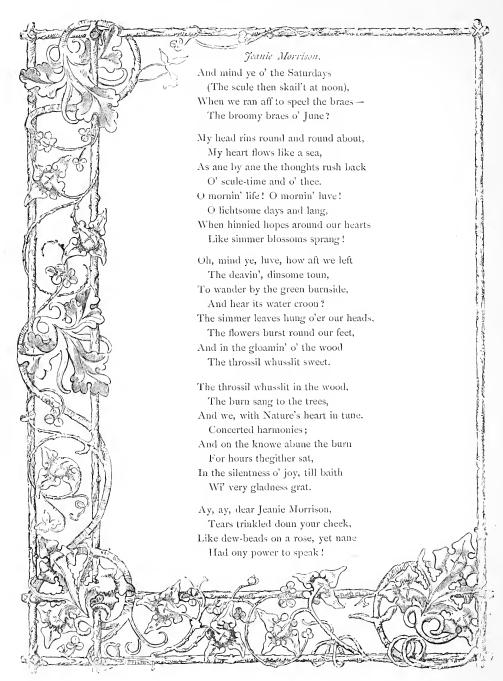
O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thoughts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path.
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

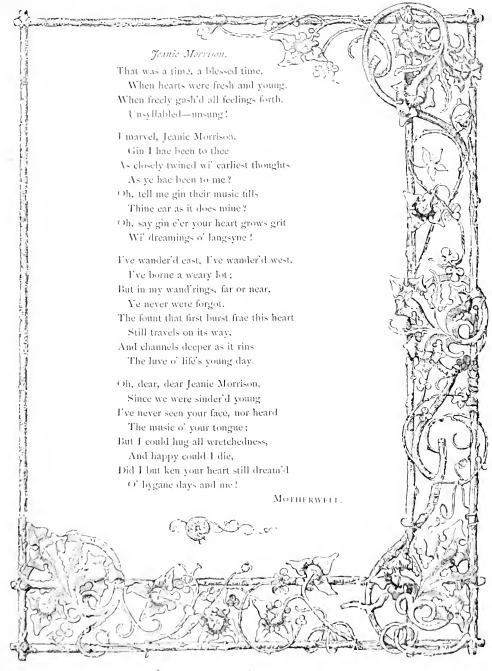
'Twas then we luv't ilk ither weel,
 Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ac braid page,
Wi' ac buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads, How cheeks brent red wi' shame, Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said We cleek'd thegither hame?









A LITTLE man, who muffins sold When I was little too,
Carried a face of giant mould,
But tall he never grew.

His arms were legs for length and size,
His coat-tail touch'd his heels;
His brows were forests o'er his eyes,
His voice like waggon-wheels.

When fallen leaves together flock, And gusts begin to squall, And suns go down at six o'clock, You heard his muffin-call. Borne in the equinoctial blast,
He came and shook his bell;
And with the equinox he pass'd,
But whither none could tell.

Some thought the monster turn'd to dew When muffins ceased to reign, And lay in buds the summer through, Till muffin-time again;

Or satyr, used the woods to rove,
Or even old Caliban,

Drawn by the lure of oven-stove
To be a muffin-man.

#### The Muffin-Man.

The dwarf was not a churlish elf,
Who thought folks stared to scoff;
But used deformity itself
To set his muffins off.

He stood at doors and talk'd with cooks, While strangers took his span; And grimly smiled at childhood's looks On him, the muffin-man.

When others fled from nipping frost, And hid from drenching skies, And when in fogs the street was lost, You saw his figure rise.

One night his tinkle did not sound, He failed each 'enstom'd door; 'Twas first of an eternal round Of nights he walk'd no more.

When borne in arms, my infant eye In restless search began; The nursery-maid was wont to cry, "See, John, the muffin-man."

My path with things familiar spread,
Death's foot had seldom cross'd;
And when they said that John was dead,
I stood in wonder lost.

New mufin-men, from lamp to lamp, With careless glance I scan; For none can ever raze thy stamp, O John, thou muffin-man!

Past days—past days unroll!

Thou standest snatch'd from time and storm,
A statue of the soul;
And round thy carved and goblin form

We will not part—affection dim
This song shall help to fan,
And Memory, firmer bound to him,
Shall keep her muffin-man.
A. J.

A POET'S BLESSING.

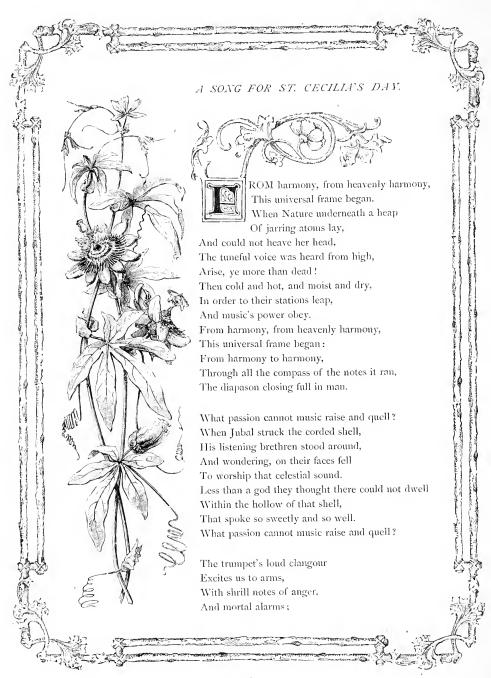
AS I roam'd the fields along, Listening to the linnet's song, I beheld an old man there, Toiling hard, with hoary hair.

"Blessings on this field," I cried, "Such a faithful labourer's pride! Blessings on this wither'd hand, Scattering seed along the land!"

Answer'd me his look severe:
"Poet's blessing boots not here;
Like the wrath of Heaven it falls
Flowers, not corn, to life it calls,"

"Friend, these songs of lighter hours Waken not too many flowers; Just enough to deck the land, And fill thy little grandson's hand."

UHLAND.





The double, double, double beat Of the thundering drum, Cries, Hark! the foes come; Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim Their jealous pangs and desperation, Fury, frantic indignation, Depth of pains, and height of passion, For the fair disdainful dame.

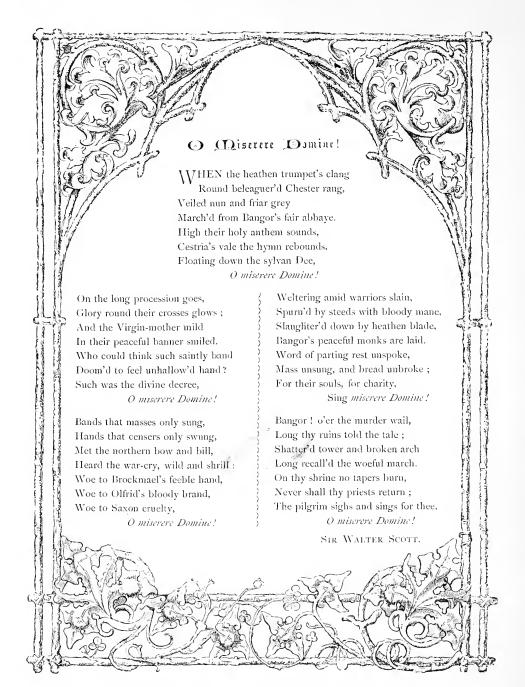
But, oh! what art can teach, What human voice can reach. The sacred organ's praise? Notes inspiring holy love, Notes that wing their heavenly ways To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race, And trees uprooted left their place, Sequacious of the lyre; But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher. When to her organ vocal breath was given; An angel heard, and straight appear'd, Mistaking earth for heaven.

#### GRAND CHORUS,

As from the power of sacred lays. The spheres began to move, And sung the great Creator's praise. To all the blest above; So when the last and dreadful hour. This crumbling pageant shall devour, The trumpet shall be heard on high, The dead shall live, the living die, And music shall untune the sky.

DRYDEN.



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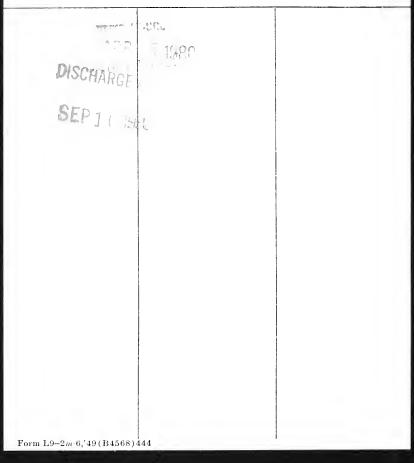
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